ammunition, and the correspondence columns of serious newspapers with letters whose signatories were sufficiently distinguished to justify the use of large type; the discovery in an old croquet-box at Malahide Castle of the original manuscript of BoswelTs *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides,* created some pleasurable anticipation at the prospect of knowing at last what precisely were the Variety of degrading images of every one of which I was the object* which Boswell called down on his head by laughing when Johnson remarked that he had often thought that if he 'kept a seraglio, the ladies should all wear linen gowns or cotton; I mean stuffs made of vegetable substance/[20] Yet what proportion of those passing over London Bridge each morning, were troubled about the Statute of "Westminster, gratified at possessing the Codex Sinaiticus, disturbed that Lord Robert Cecil should no longer represent them at Geneva, relieved that the Malahide Castle croquet-box had been opened before its precious contents were indecipherable? A little procession, it is true, moved past the Codex Sinaiticus when it was displayed at the British Museum, glancing through glass at its incomprehensible characters with forlorn wonder, and respectfully disposed towards a manuscript which had cost ^100,000; but this momentary curiosity was soon satisfied, and the Codex Sinaiticus put away, few knew or cared where. Parliamentary-denunciations of the Statute of Westminster by politicians out of office, statements by politicians in office to the effect that it marked the beginning of a new and more blessed era in imperial

[20] 'To hear Mr. Johnson, while sitting solemn in arm-chair, talk of his keeping a seraglio and saying too, "I have *often* thought,'* was truly curious. Mr. MacQueen asked him. if he would admit me. "Yes," said he, "if he were properly prepared; and he'd make a very good eunuch. He'd be a fine gay animal. He'd do his part well." "I take it," said I, "better than you would do your part." Though he treats his friends with uncommon freedom, he does not like a return. He seemed to me to be a little angry. He got off from my joke hy saying, "I have not told you what was to be my part"— and then at once he returned to my office as eunuch and expatiated upon it with such fluency that it really hurt me. He made me quite contemptible for the moment.*